George L. Dunlap
Nov. 12. 1855

J. Scott

NBHD

THE

SORCERESS,

OR

SALEM DELIVERED.

THE

SORCERESS,

OR

ALEM DELIVERED.

A POEM,

IN FOUR CANTOS.

BY JONATHAN M. SCOTT, ESQ.

the foul fiend, that begins at Curfew, and
first cock; he gives the web and the
the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews
ghost, and hurts the poor creature of earth.
King Lear.

Deum intersit nisi dignus *vindice* nodus, Inci-
Horace.

NEW-YORK:
d Published by Charles N. Baldwin, Book:
corner of Chamber and Chatham-street.
.....
1817.

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INTRODUCTION.

The following poem refers to the year, and the years preceding—

——— "On brooms when witches flew,
That blessed time when law kept wide awake,
Proscrib'd the faithless, and made Quakers quake."

At that time, religious fanaticism broke out with all its fury in New-England, and began the work of persecution by imputing to divers persons the crime of witchcraft. We are informed by Dr. Morse, that at Salem, it originated "in the family of the Rev. Mr. Parris, the then minister, and at Salem was the principal theatre of the bloody business." He adds, however, that in other parts of the country, "the leading characters, both in church and state, were active in it." Wherever it may have originated, certain it is, that the processes against witches, wizards, &c. were very rigorously carried on, and many, of both sexes, were executed. Their graves still remain at the place of execution, in the vicinity of Salem, called, from this

circumstance, "Gallows Hill." Such is the foundation of the following poem.

It appears that it was the grand object of the clerical body to be able to obtain the assistance of the civil power; on this circumstance much of the following tale depends.

We are informed, by various memoirs, that notwithstanding the fulminations of the church, the persons of that day who were suspected of having communication with evil spirits, very resolutely persisted in sundry unseemly practices. They would wear rusty and crooked and headless pins in their sleeves, in opposition to the parson and deacons; they reared black cats in preference to those of any other color, asserting as a pretext, that they were better mousers; they were determined to sift their meal in a very particular and unusual manner; and on the Sabbath, would straggle round the church doors, in an unbecoming way, with dirty faces, and unkempt locks.

"*Ante fores, subito, non vultus non color unus*
"*Non compiæ mansere comæ.*

These abuses were necessarily to be quelled in a summary way, and the whipping-post and the stocks, bridewell and starvation, effectually brought many of the unhappy delinquents to that state, in which, in

fear to be relieved from their sufferings by death or otherwise, they were induced to confess any thing their persecutors chose to demand. Many of the executions at Salem, might be illustrated by the story of Appollonius Thyaneus, "who cured a laughing demoniac at Athens, by threats, menaces, and a severe flogging (a treatment certainly well calculated to suppress laughter); and another case, where the same sage freed the city of Ephesus from the plague, by exciting the rabble to stone to death an old ragged begger, whom he (Appollonius) called the "Plague," and who certainly must have been a dæmon, from the circumstance of his having changed himself into a black dog.

[*See Philostratus' life of Appollonius.*

A difficulty has occurred to ancient and modern writers on the subject of witchcraft, viz. that many "in articulo mortis" who were apparently possessed of sanity of intellect, have with signs of contrition and penitence, confessed their communication with infernal spirits; under the full conviction of having committed a crime of the most henious nature, and wishing to make all the expiation in their power, by voluntarily undergoing an earthly punishment. For a New-England patriot in the year ——, to accept such testimony,

is not surprising, particularly as it has boggled wiser men of a wiser day.

That the unhappy deluded victims themselves, implicitly believed, they had had communication with evil spirits, is not to be doubted. "But I would observe" says Dr. Ferriar, (in his essay on popular delusions) "that the circumstance told of their meetings, are in themselves ridiculous and incredible, for they are represented as gloomy and horrible, and yet, with a mixture of childish and extravagant fancies, more likely to disgust and alienate the mind, than to conciliate the guests. They have every appearance of uneasy dreams. Sometimes the Devil and his subjects say mass, sometimes he preaches to them, most usually he was seen in the shape of a black goat, surrounded by imps of a thousand frightful shapes, but none of these shapes are new. They all resemble known quadrupeds or reptiles. There is direct proof furnished by demonologists themselves, that these supposed visits, are in reality dreams.

"Persons accused of witchcraft, have been repeatedly watched about the time they had fixed for their meeting; they have been seen to anoint themselves with soporific compositions; after which they fell into a profound sleep, and on awakening, several hours af-

rds, have related their journey through the air, ception they had met with, and the names of the ns they had seen." This is exactly conformable practice of the ancient magicians and diviners, eems to be the true way of accounting, as well any of the phenomena of magic, as for that extra- nt and shameful superstition, which was at one so prevalent in New-England, and by which such ers of innocent people, were cruelly put to death. e effect of medicated applications to the human , particularly of those substances, known to medi- nes by the appellation of narcotics, as affecting hind by an absorption through the skin, and in quence, being applied very generally to the ous system, is well known; and few who have medicines of this class, but can recollect the sin- dreams, as well as uncommon waking thoughts ed by their operation. Applied externally, they produce the same sensations, in a greater or less se, according to the mode and time of application, en taken inwardly; from the phrenetic ravings ewildered brain, to the deep and motionless sta- f total insensibility.

e learn from the writings of Helmont, the Hyocy- niger, was employed in his day, as an herb of

great efficacy in "expelling the Devil from the heart of a horse;" in our own country, the same plant, under the vernacular name of Henbane, was employed in the composition of a most potent philtre; and in a still later day, the medical tribe have brought it into use as a powerful narcotic. The ancient physician, whose prescription for a lunatic was, "Nairga ad Antycyram;" sent his patients to that island in search of another article, which in after days has been used by physicians and witches in rotation. Had the old practitioner used himself in the a...mer he recommended to some of his patients; viz. "ad ultimatum," we think he would have benefitted the age in which he lived, more by his death than by his practice. We are informed by a sad and lea...d man (vir gravis et doctus) as he is styled by a u...ern professor; that certain kinds of food (onions for example) have the power of exciting very curious dreams in certain constitutions. We must admit the fact, nor is it more surprising than that of asparages, which is so well known. But enough of the Alembic and the Dispensatory. "Obe jam satis est."

THE

SORCERESS,

OR

SALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO I.

THE

SORCERESS

OR

SALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO I.

THE ALARM.

Prince of the realms below, whose sable form,
In terror clad, so oft on earth is seen
By swain benighted, when the gathering storm
Strips the witch-hazle of its leaflets green:

Whose voice, accordant to the grating clang
Of creaking gibbet, on the lonely way,
Breathes thro' the wind-dried ribs, aloft that hang,
Thy fearful serenade till break of day.

O should my verse offend, withhold thy hand,
Let no vindictive ulcer knaw my skin;
O let no wizard turn my meal to sand,
Nor pierce my temple with enchanted pin.

So may I still the tale of other days,
  Blest with the muse's intercourse, pursue,
Pierce the dark winding of Oblivion's maze,
  And give thee, Devil, all that is thy due.

I.

'Twas night—the clouds of deepest dye
Stretch'd their dark skirts along the sky;
No glimmering light of moon or star
Flash'd on the gazer's eye from far;
Scarcely the candle's cheerless gleam
Across the street could throw its beam;
Even to the nearest neighbor's sight
It seem'd the wintry halo's light,
Whose rays, in dark December, glow
On leafless tree and banks of snow.

II.

That eve, o'er Salem's village, red
  The sinking sun, a fiery beam,
Portending dark disaster, shed (a)
  On mountain, cliff, and vale, and stream.
E'en Nature sicken'd at the thought
Of fearful deed, by demons wrought;
The moon her silver face withdrew,
The stars, affrighted, fled from view.
Untouch'd by any mortal hand,
  The village clock, that years before
Thick rust and time had forc'd to stand,
  Rung out the peal of curfew hour.

Strange sounds along the blast were heard,
Strange figures in the air appear'd,
Circling the lamp-lights lurid blue,
The stench of burning sulphur flew;
Even that witch-subservient race
That watch domestic vermin's trace,
Bewitch'd by wild and potent charm,
Slunk from the rat hole in alarm,
In wild assemblage, on the green,
With tails erect, were dimly seen,
And rising from the troop, their yell
Hail'd some embassador from hell. (b)

III.

Unknown to some the subtle wile
The tempter uses to deceive;
I know there are, whose doubting smile
Will scarce my humble tale believe;
Let such, from old experience grey,
Receive conviction of my lay.
Scarce lives a single matron sage,
Benping beneath the weight of age,
But still in memory retains
Some mystic tale of clanking chains, (c)
Of forms that mock the touch, and seem
Of texture like the lunar beam;
Of deaths foretold, of orgies dark
That quench'd of life the feeble spark,
And bade the dark sepulchral gloom
Unhallow'd meteors illume.

IV.

Time from my memory's survey
Has not eras'd the lines away,
Printed when boyhood's careless hour
Gave all the soul to fancy's power;
Even now, I can remember well
The tales my aged aunt would tell,
Till stretch'd with awe, each bristling hair
Stood self-supported, firm and fair;
And every stiff'ning joint betray'd
The effect her wondrous story made.
The good old lady, sure as eve
Came on, the wondrous tale would weave,
Fast as her fingers wound the yarn,
The story of the haunted barn,
Where, loosely wrapt around with hay,
A lifeless corpse the cobler lay;
And sure as since that night returns,
His meteor lamp at midnight burns,
There, from the gable end, the sound
Of smitten lapstone rings around,
Till from his nightly work there grows
A pair of most infernal shoes.

V.

Stamp'd by the hand of nature plain,
Such facts, in witness strong, remain;
Deeply engraven on the heart
They rest, till soul and body part.
Signet of truth, by heaven design'd,
Implanted in the infant mind,

No shocks of rolling years impair
The testimonial written there.
Why shrinks the peasant from the spade
The sexton uses in his trade?
Why shuns the soul the fearful spot
Where the lone murderer's relics rot?
Why, when our footsteps wander round
The suicide's unhallow'd mound,
Does every lively hair erect
Conviction of the truth detect?
Why do our flagging veins distil
In streams so cold the vital rill?

VI.

There dwelt, as ancient story goes,
At Salem, then, a wondrous man,
Whose lips no question could unclose,
Whose darksome thoughts no soul could scan.
Still on the ground he bent his eye,
Regardless of the passer by;
Even while he steer'd the reeking plough,
Or midst potatoes swung the hoe,
Still on that sad dejected face,
The self-same look might stranger trace,
Deep fix'd, and still that look betray'd
Of fiendish dream the lurid shade.
Save when some broad unmeaning grin
Drew upward his projecting chin,
Or when some laugh demoniac drew
The corners of his mouth askew,

It seem'd as if the fiend Despair
And suicidal thought was there.
Mid merry group, upon the green,
His squalid form was seldom seen;
To him the joys of husking brought
No freedom from distemper'd thought;
Though to his lot the redden'd ear
Oft fell, the damsels thought it queer, (d)
The penalty he ne'er would claim,
Excuse he never chose to frame,
But still preferr'd to beauty's kiss
The whisky draught's heart cheering bliss.
Often he sought the lonely wood,
And wander'd on in musing mood;
Or where the stream dash'd wild and strong,
Its rocky pointed bed along,
Oft would he watch, with stedfast eye,
The rippling current roaring by;
There, patient, with suspended hook,
Drifted his line along the brook,
Although tradition doth not say
He often snar'd the finny prey.
There would he wake his dismal tone
Of song, by few but wizards known;
Such song as music might defy,
And all the rules of harmony;
Such dismal verse as mortal man
Might never wish to hear again.
A tatter'd blanket, round him thrown,
Was all the wanderer claim'd his own;

There might the curious eye survey
Green, red, and yellow, black, and grey,
In strange and uncouth figures mixt,
With gaping chinks display'd betwixt,
Through which the kindly winds of heaven
To cool his feverish skin were driven,
And, circling round his parchment form,
Enure him to the wintry storm.
To such a form to bend the knee,
Could not be deem'd idolatry,*
For ne'er did ocean, heaven, or earth,
His likeness yield a natural birth.
Like pilgrim from the holy land,
Barefoot he press'd the pebbly sand,
And never seem'd his feet to rue
The want luxurious of a shoe;
Like pilgrim, too, his slender waist
A twisted rope-yarn cord embrac'd.

VII.

Such figure strange attention drew,
And mutter'd whispers darker grew;
Where'er the luckless wanderer past,
His heels a mob attendant grac'd;
Full oft the taunting jibe, and jeer,
And hoot insulting, met his ear,
Mixt with such compliment as oft
The counterfeiting wight, aloft,

* *See the Second Commandment.*

Receives from his attendant band,
Launch'd by the schoolboy's steady hand.
Scarce was the customary bone
Of charity on him bestown;
Full many a genial summer's sun
His daily course as usual run,
Nor spar'd the festive toddy bowl
One drop to cheer the wanderer's soul.

VIII.

When once suspicion is awake,
  She finds the food whereon to feed,
And scrutiny can scarce mistake,
  Suspicion's look, or word, or deed;
What wonder, then, the matrons sage,
And fathers, reverend for their age,
At once should their attention fix
Upon the wanderer's curious tricks;
For who, except on errand foul,
Would chuse, at midnight hour, to prowl
Along the borders of the stream,
And watch the moonlight's flittering beam?
Although he bore an eeling spear,
Say what he would, his business there
Was not to search for eels, but find
Of serpent form, a darker kind;
And never yet, along the shore,
Had he the usual lamplight bore,
But chose the darkest hours, to stray
Alone on his unhallow'd way.

What mortal, but by frenzy driven,
Of stubborn soul estrang'd to heaven,
With such diversity of shade
An outside garment ever made?
And who, save one oppress'd with sins,
Wore in his sleeve such crooked pins?
Nay, more familiar, it was known
A *sable* cat oft shar'd the bone
Which charity, as kind as heaven,
Had for a better purpose given.

IX.

Not long was expectation led
To trace the ills the wanderer bred;
Where past his steps the fields among,
A blight upon the harvest hung;
Three weeks had scarcely past away
Since cold in death a justice lay;
Her calf the parson's cow had lost,
High winds blew down the whipping post;
Throughout the town the measles ran,
And seiz'd on woman, hog, and man.

X.

Already justice, angry grown,
Had fix'd upon the wandering clown
Her fiery gaze, for who but he
Could cause such secret misery?
No one the village matrons deem'd
So like to be a wizard seem'd;

Even were he innocent of crimes,
The wrath of heaven upon the times,
For some example seem'd to call,
One sacrifice to pay for all;
None could the village spare so well
As him on whom suspicion fell,
And no lamenting friend his grave
Would seek to mourn, and weep, and rave.

XI.

Thus, when the Israelites, of old,
Chose out a victim from the fold,
Whose life-blood for their sins should pay
The trespass of the passing day,
They shunn'd the ram whose carcase full
Bore on his side the finest wool,
And wisely stretch'd upon the rack
The scabbiest sheep of all the pack.

XII.

Not long delay'd, the wanderer saw
The gathering terrors of the law;
For well he knew the awful power
Of Beadles, in the legal hour;
Still bore his back the cruel dint
Of many a sheriff's redden'd print;
Nor had his ancles gain'd the skin
They lost when last the stocks within;
Nor had his arms recover'd sound
Where the last cord his elbows bound.

XIII.

Yet, ere he left the village green,
In hasty stride, the wretch was seen,
With lurid eye and fearful scowl,
Through every darksome lane to prowl;
Strange motions with his arms he made,
In woeful posture lagg'd his head,
And from his lips such accents flew
As never faithful christian knew.
By chance, or heaven-directed, led,
The village pastor chanc'd to stroll
Across his path, and heard with dread
The stern effusions of his soul;
Still from each mutter'd broken word
Strong indignation was inferr'd;
Some scheme, with hellish plots combin'd,
Seem'd labouring in his anxious mind,
And agents, from beneath the earth,
Seem'd ripening all his plots to birth.
One lingering moment, ere he fled,
Fix'd to the spot by terror dread,
The parson paus'd, while, on his ear,
The fearful curse fell sad and drear:

THE CURSE.

Woe to the village, and woe to the night
That witness the wanderer's desolate flight;
Far from hence I must wander alone by the flood,
The cold ground my lodging, my dwelling the wood.

On these roofs let the curse of a maniac rest,
Let the measles attack the young babe at the breast;
Their annual supply let the herring refuse,
And the woodchuck, and skunk, slip their necks from
the noose.

Let the housewife's exertion be vain at the churn,
And the cream to her labor no butter return;
Let the hard-hearted justice mourn over his sins
Whilst his cow drops her calf and his wife brings him
twins.

In anguish and grief, let the parson behold
The scab and the murrain dispeople his fold;
And, straggling for food, on the common alone,
May his mare break her limbs on the suicide's stone.

Let drought parch the meadows from whence I am
driven,
Be their orchards uprooted by tempests from heaven;
In their streets let the adder and rattlesnake rest,
And the raven construct in the steeple her nest.

Ere the harvest shall ripen, let blight on it fall,
Let the cow break the pound, and the sheep leap the
wall;
Their wheat let the hessian-fly ravage, and still
The brook no supply yield the tottering mill.

Ye fiends from the regions below that ascend,
Receive my devotion, and hail me a friend;
Ye parchment-skinn'd ghosts, with your legs made
of lath,
Tread light on your skeleton toes in my path.

These eyelids, till vengeance is mine, shall not close,
Nor my frame on a feather-bed sink in a dose;
Till then be my drink from the fresh-water flood,
And ground-nuts my appetite satiate with food.

XIV.

Gone is the wanderer, through the town
No longer is his presence known;
In vain the prying schoolboy race
His usual haunts industrious trace;
No more attendant round him stand,
With boisterous mirth, the little band;
His nightly serenade no more
Is heard to ring from door to door;
Nor does his noontide whistle tell
The summons of the village bell.
Yet still the sons of law pursued
Their prey, through every lonely road,
With fearful mittimus in hand,
Trac'd every path the legal band;
Reward of high amount was offer'd,
Three shillings sterling, justice proffer'd
To whosoever, safe and sound,
Should bring the vile offender, bound.

XV.

Wisely the ancient sages said
That gold could work its subtle way
Through gates of steel, and force the dead
Again to see the light of day.
Laden with gold, the stupid ass
May safe through warrior's forces pass;
Gold bribes the justice on the bench,
Gold overcomes the coldest wench
Whose bosom ever froze beneath
Diana's cold congealing breath;
Plate sin with gold, around the wrist
The sheriff may his handcuff twist,
The felon slips the steely ring
As easily as hempen string.
Thus wrought the potent golden bribe
On the keen-scented legal tribe,
And in pursuit their footsteps led
To where the luckless wanderer fled.

XVI.

Still on Ouachnee's fatal plain,
Remnants of earthy mounds remain;
Still in the chalky hills around,
Remains of human bones are found;
Here still the antiquarian eye
Indulges curiosity,
And many a sage conjecture shows
The spot where savage chiefs repose. (e)

I know some sage historians say
That here, in many an earlier day,
Part built of brick, the rest of wood,
A large colonial granary stood;
Till one dark night, for having borne,
Wedg'd in the stocks, the public scorn,
Inflam'd with rage, by wine inspir'd,
A tinker's boy the building fir'd.
Not so does antiquarian eye
Remains of earlier time descry,
But deeper scans the ruin'd page,
Memorial of an elder age.
Hence antiquarians declare
A massy blockhouse once was there;
And on that desart battle plain
Moulder the bones of Indians slain.

XVII.

Mid habitations of the dead,
'Twas here the luckless wanderer fled;
Though *now* each vestige old displac'd
Of building from the spot is raz'd,
Yet *then* so much remain'd, as lent
To houseless wretch a tenement,
Which, garnish'd round with many a grave,
Hung tottering o'er the leaden wave.

XVIII.

He sate beside the dashing stream
That broke in thunder down the rock,
And seem'd to watch the flittering beam
That trembled where the waters struck.

The midnight wind was in his hair,
And made a strange confusion there;
Though, sooth to say, those whiten'd locks
Ne'er knew an earthly powder box,
Yet some infernal hand had strown
A silvery whiteness round his crown;
And though, upon this nether world,
No hand of man those locks had curl'd,
They had the real serpent twine
That deck'd Medusa's head divine. (f)
He seem'd to hum some ancient air
Familiar to his youthful ear,
While of the simple measur'd chyme
With hand and foot he kept the time;
When sudden on his shoulders fell
The tap by debtors known so well,
And, turning round, the culprit saw
Aghast, the bloodhounds of the law,

XIX.

One transient start his fear exprest,
One sigh tumultuous heav'd his breast;
One furious flash his eye betray'd,
Rose to his brow an angry shade,
When, like the cloud of Autumn's sky,
The gathering storm pass'd rapid by,
And on his wild and wilder'd face,
No sign, save sadness, might you trace.
Yet e'er the wretch arose to go,
In piteous accents, sad and low,

He breath'd a simple wild farewell
To his lov'd stream and lonely dell;
Then wrapt his blanket round his waist
And slow before the sheriff pac'd.

XX.

Hoarsely the rusty hinges grate,
Revolves the massy prison's gate;
There bound, in every separate cell
Confin'd, reluctant tenants dwell;
Mid steams and exhalations rank,
Resound full oft the fetter's clank;
There from that hopeless suffering throng
Ne'er bursts of mirth the festive song;
Sad habitation of despair—
The wanderer rests a prisoner there.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

THE

SORCERESS,

OR

SALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO II.

THE

SORCERESS,

OR

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CANTO II.

THE TRIAL.

Hail to the land, where law's broad Ægis, spread
  In fearful splendor, guards the miser's gold;
Whose sword swings harmless o'er the rich man's head,
  And culls its victims from the poor and old.

Thy power severe I know, for I have seen
  The debtor's cell, the silent turnkey's eye,
What time at shadowy eve he lock'd me in,
  Mid squalid forms the sons of misery.

Ah! many a long night have I lain, to scratch
  My fever'd skin, with vermin pimpled o'er;
Started with joy to hear the rising latch,
  Proclaim, at morn, the opening of the door.

Surely, if doom'd to suffer, suffering lone
  Adds to affliction a redoubled weight;
Nor likes the prisoner that his face be shown
  Singly unhappy, through the prison's grate.

If love enjoy'd, or friendship, have the power
  To gild with rapture life's delusive dream,
Upon the suffering solitary hour,
  Still pass'd alone, the darkest vision's stream.

I.

Such cheerless night, such lonely day,
The prison'd wanderer wore away;
Full well he knew the plank to trace,
Where frequent feet had scoop'd the place;
No visitor his prison cheer'd,
No prospect of escape appear'd;
His only pastime was to scratch,
With rusty nail, the usual notch,
Imprinted, with soul-troubled laugh,
Upon his old worm-eaten staff,
That register'd another day
Pass'd in imprisonment away.

II.

Man was not form'd to live alone,
To social joys the heart is prone;
Witness the lively smiling eye
That greets us, when a friend is by;
Witness the melancholy shade,
The soul upon the face display'd,

When love or friendship, doom'd to part,
Leaves the fond idol of the heart.
Mark the recluse whose lonely day
Passes in solitude away;
Upon his lurid visage hang,
Deep printed, marks of sorrow's fang;
There, contemplation sad has chas'd
The colour once his cheek that grac'd,
And wilder'd thought has sear'd his eye
With thy wild beam, Insanity.
The tenant of the hermit cell
Looks where his kindred mortals dwell,
He hears afar the festive song
Rise gaily from the village throng,
Where love and innocence are free
With jocund health and liberty;
His sighs and broken accents own
Man was not form'd to live alone.

III.

So the rough rock and steep sublime
The lonely Crusoe lov'd to climb;
There o'er the waves of ocean's jar
Oft would he stretch his ken afar,
Or, wandering on the sandy beach,
His tear-dim'd eye would strain to reach
Along the wave, till in the gale
Strong fancy would depict a sail;
He sees the booming vessel sweep,
On whitening wings, along the deep;

Imagination hears the roar
Of cannon rolling to the shore;
The seaman's song, at sight of land,
Bursts form the hardy wave-worn band;
Until the gathering shades of eve
His soul of fancy's dreams bereave;
And to his cave he wanders lone,
To pour his unavailing moan.

IV.

Me ne'er could solitude delight,
Far be from me the languid night,
The long and solitary day,
That monkish bigots pass away.
Ah, me! I never yet could learn
The good that nature gives, to spurn;
Far be from me the drowsy task
In such religious pride to bask;
Alone to doze within my cell,
Alone to eat my scanty meal;
Or, day by day, to dig the hole
Which, when at last the sentient soul
Is freed from flesh, must then receive
The body that has ceas'd to live. (a)
Me, where the woods of Autumn's dye
Are drest in richest scenery,
Let social mirth seduce to stray,
Toward the last beam of sinking day;
Me let the festive board invite
To pass the gloom of wintry night;

Where frolic glee and lightsome jest
The heart of every care divest;
Where wit, and wine, and merry song,
The social meeting may prolong;
Till friendship in the soul shall glow,
And the warm heart still better grow.

V.

Beneath dishearting terror's sway,
  Slowly the lingering moments run;
Through many a sickening weary day,
  Till came the country sessions on.
Twelve special jurymen, select,
Were from the towns surrounding pickt;
With ruby nose, and reverend mein,
The village blacksmith there was seen;
There, stiff in magisterial pride,
His leather apron laid aside,
The cobler sate, who left his stall
To grace in pomp the legal hall;
There, though the parson's coat delay'd
Rued direliction of the trade,
The Taylor star'd, with eyes profound,
In meditation, on the ground;
And his wild eyes, around the crew,
The self-elected tinker threw.
The rest where men of little note,
Such as emergency had brought,
To give the acquiescent nod,
And count the stripes of sheriff's rod;

Had some familiar spirit seen
Beneath the midnight's sable screen,
Whose darksome agency combin'd
With nature to distract his mind. (d)
Even in holy writ, 'twas known,
God had his punishments bestown
On all those ancient wizards sly
Who dar'd to deal in sorcery; (e)
'Twas plain that Heaven, as punishment,
Bereavement of his wits had sent,
And hence, expedient it was thought,
Seeing that Heaven such deeds had wrought,
As God's vice-gerents here below,
The work of judgment to pursue,
And on the prisoner inflict
The penalty severe and strict,
And follow up the blows that Heaven
Had in its righteous vengeance given.

IX.

The judge arose—'twas silence all,
No murmur broke throughout the hall;
Thrice, bursting with the sentence big,
The powder trembled from his wig;
Thrice to his nose, while turn'd aside,
His handkerchief the judge applied;
And then, in accents deep and low,
His voice pronounc'd the culprit's woe;
For inasmuch the fine to pay
The culprit knew no certain way,

He must the sentence sad announce
That statutes in such case pronounce;
Namely, that back to prison led,
He must at public charge be fed;
Till, after proper penance done
For certain days, at rising sun
Bound to the post, his naked hide
By the appropriate beadle plied,
Should thirty-nine sad strokes receive,
Such strokes as bloody marks might leave.

X.

His tear-dim'd eye the wanderer rais'd,
As grief and terror shook his soul,
On the surrounding group he gaz'd
Awhile with silent fearful scowl.
Full well he knew no sparing hand
Would execute that harsh command;
Full well had old experience shown
The beadle ne'er had mercy known;
Full often had he seen him dip
In lukewarm stream the twisted whip,
Before his sinewy arm applied
The knotted cord to culprit's hide.

XI.

A slight convulsion shook his frame
Ere speech again in accents came;
New vigor then seem'd to supply
A transient splendor to his eye;

Some word, with mystic meaning fraught,
Seem'd laboring to express his thought;
At length, like oracle of old,
Full to his tongue the accents roll'd,
In sounds as eloquent as e'er
Rung on a Salem juror's ear.
"Outlaw'd and injur'd, I have been
The scorn and mock of wicked men;
Oft in the stocks my weary feet
Were plac'd; nor has recover'd yet
My back the skin which last it lost,
While suffering at the whipping post;
Yet, know all whom it may concern,
Ne'er to that post shall I return;
Never shall that accursed oak
Witness on me another stroke;
And never in the stocks my feet
Again shall lacerated fret.
"Bind, then, around my limbs, in vain
The hempen cord, or iron chain;
Let every door be double lock'd,
Your vigilance shall all be mock'd;
For from your future tortures free
Lies my remaining destiny.
"Yet one remains, of dreaded name,
Who justice on my foes shall claim,
And pay, through many a future year,
The wrongs that I have suffer'd here.
One who, in lightsome track, can ride
On broomstick, through the airy tide; (g)

an over ocean send the gale,
Upon the ruin destin'd sail;
Can easily explain each sign,
And solve the mystic number *nine;* (*h*)
And bid the lightning's flash consume
The ripening harvest's early bloom;
Nay, more, to rouse your deepest fear,
My dark mysterious story hear:

THE CONFESSION.

"'Tis now six weeks since first a sight,
Surpassing nature's law,
By the pale moonbeam's flickering light,
With terror struck, I saw.
From military muster-day,
Homeward, at eve, I bent my way;
I had not drank so much, but still
I could my course direct at will;
Could trace the road, and leap the ditch,
And shun the mountain's rocky pitch;
The wind was hush'd, the air was clear,
Nor dream'd I ought of danger near.
Yet, still, some dark forebodings prest,
In damping sadness, on my breast;
Even the festive parting cup
Had fail'd to keep my spirits up;
And o'er each trembling fibre past
The freezing chill, by horror cast;
Yet, straining every nerve, I strove
These fears appalling, to remove.

I whistled every tune that e'er,
In former days, had met my ear;
Till, through the darksome forest past,
I reach'd the open waste at last;
And proudly dream'd no peril lay
Conceal'd, to bar my future way;
Vain hope! for now, the blasted yew,
My steps, approaching, nearer drew;
I saw the church-yard stones, afar,
Gleam white, like evening's rising star;
There, o'er the cluster'd graves around,
The gloomy hearse-house darksome frown'd;
And, pasturing round it, graz'd the steed,
That waits upon the dead man's bed.

XII.

"Straight by the mansions of the dead,
My foot-way path directly led;
Either to gain the turnpike road
I must circuitous have trod,
Or else, proceed directly by
Where cold in death my fathers lie;
And brave each hideous form that night
Gives to the startled traveller's sight;
What could I do? the hour was late,
My limbs could scarce support their weight;
And morning would arrive, ere round
The road, my path I homeward found.
"Direct then through the lonely waste,
Straining each nerve, I onward pac'd;

Forded the brook, where lately drown'd,
The Pedlar's putrid corpse was found;
Close o'er my eyes my hat I drew,
When the black gibbet met my view;
Where for the sin of witchcraft's crime,
Cut down in manhood's glowing prime,
Your honors may remember well,
My kindsman breath'd his last farewell.
"Till now, by strong exertion forc'd,
The soul-appalling track I cross'd,
And fondly dream'd, all dangers past,
Safe I should reach my home at last.
Vain hope! for near the church-yard drew,
Larger each whitewash'd tombstone grew;
When, at the sight that met my eye,
My straining courage all was vain,
Still fix'd upon my fantasy,
Strong recollection whirls my brain.

XIII.

"Beneath that tree, whose blasted boughs
O'erhang the church-yard's sable gate,
And where, as all the village knows,
Poor Jacob Johnson met his fate,
When, for the Miller's cruel maid
His scanty stock of reason fled,
He bound his garter round the bough,
And swung a lifeless corse below;
Beneath that tree, a figure, spare,
With naked arms and floating hair,

Lay easily at length reclin'd,
Her white hair streaming in the wind:
Her robe, of curious shape and grain,
Seem'd something like my blanket's stain,
And, where her feet had prest the green,
The print of cloven hoofs were seen."

XII.

"What pass'd may never mortal say,
That scene can never be disclos'd,
Until the destin'd coming day
And the stern fates have interpos'd.
Were I her sayings dark to tell,
That on my ear reluctant fell,
I should reveal such deeds of hell,
As must all mortal courage quell,
And quail the proudest heart,
That e'er on bench of justice sate,
Howe'er in estimation great,
Judge, constable, or potentate;
'Twould stop your lawyer's tedious prate,
And make the sheriff start.
This roof judicial soon would break,
Soon would your brick foundations quake;
Bench, pillory and all would shake,
One vast tremendous ruin make,
Till through the village reign'd
Confusion, such as Babel knew,
When heaven her labors overthrew,
And all the startled building crew,
From premises unhallow'd flew,
Till other lands they gain'd.

Yet, sooth to say, a time *will* come,
I know of destiny the doom,
What time the church combines with law,
Things will to a conclusion draw;
From witches' word and wizard's deed,
The town of Salem will be freed;
As after destin'd years the curse,
Of Becket left Stroud's town no worse, (*i*)
As after many a frequent birth
The wondrous lady gave to earth,
For every day throughout the year,
A lusty child of promise fair; (*k*)
And, after all her labors past,
Her bones, a christian burial grac'd;
So from that time shall Salem free
Enjoy repose from sorcery.
Your honors, I have done. My doom
I know, and have no more to say;
Conduct me to the prison's gloom,
And shut me from the light of day.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

THE

SORCERESS,

OR

SALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO III.

THE

SORCERESS,

OR

SALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO III.

THE PURSUIT.

Morning comes onward; from his usual toil
  The work-worn laborer hails a day of rest;
The busy farmer quits the reeking soil,
  And Sunday clothes, his brawny limbs invest.

Six toilsome, tedious days, have past away,
  The hallow'd seventh consecrate to heaven,
Is but employ'd to sing, and eat, and pray,
  And worldly cares to holy hands are given.

Yet, is not every worldly thought forgot,
  Nor trims his beard, for nought the sinewy swain;
For now the damsel seeks the lonely spot,
  Her village finery not display'd in vain.

Ah! not arrang'd for pious duties all,
  The full-trim'd bonnet, and the ribbon-gay;

Nor does the bell, the village maidens call
  Solely to duties of the hallow'd day.

Such day revives the flame of village love,
  For e'en at church will earthly love intrude;
All scenes alike he haunts, the lonely grove,
  The crowded theatre, and silent wood.

Slowly the moments, from the rising dawn,
  Crawl onward, till the welcome shades of night,
What time the tedious family withdrawn,
  Give to the lover all his soul's delight.

I.

Days of my youth, your hours have gone,
The frost of age comes stealing on;
Those locks that darkly round my brow
Once curl'd, are white and scanty now;
The foot that once elastic trod,
Falls feebly on the verdant sod;
Mine arm, that once the sythe could swing,
With any brother of the ring,
Is doom'd, with trembling feeble clasp,
The ill supporting crutch to grasp;
Onward the lingering wheels of life
Run heavy, with disease at strife,
And every ache and pain declare
My moments few and evil are.

II.

Well, be it so; the lapse of time
May bear me to a happier clime,

Where debts will not my soul perplex,
Nor pain my limbs rheumatic vex;
And where mine eyes, with sorrow dim,
No more in age and rheum shall swim.
Yet while the mandate is delay'd
That shall conduct me to the shade,
Let recollection still renew
Those hours that wing'd with rapture flew,
When health ran riot in my veins,
Nor knew my bones rheumatic pains;
Nor did my feeble hand, as now,
Tremble beneath the palsy's blow.
Ah, me! the feelings then that glow'd
Throughout my frame, still fire my blood;
Then, when the Sabbath morning came,
My youthful soul was all on flame;
How often have I brush'd the shoe,
Till bright the sable polish grew;
How often have I view'd the plait
Round my shirt bosom's ruffle set,
Where stiff with starch the linnen frill
Stood horrizontal, firm, and still;
And oft, the band, by time defac'd,
Repair'd, my Sunday hat that grac'd.

III.

Still, still can I remember well
Where once my footsteps us'd to stray,
Along the windings of the dell,
At close of sultry Sabbath day.

That sundry curious lines were wrought
That seem'd by dæmon's influence taught;
The plate was pewter; although dim
Age, grease, and dirt, had brown'd the rim,
Yet, on the bottom, where the fork
Had trac'd the lonely prisoner's work,
The polish'd metal seem'd to shine
Along the cabbalistic line.
" *The stoic church and rigorous law*
Have not in union yet combin'd;
Until that time, in vain you draw
Your writs, and vain your whips are twin'd.
That time will come, but not for me,
My spirit, from your fetters free,
Your future troubles glad shall see,
Till from the yoke of sorcery
The church and law
Together draw,
And free you from her tyranny.

X.

Mysterious are the ways of fate!
Nor is it given for man to know
The darksome path, which, soon or late,
He must reluctantly pursue.
What though we know the common mode
And usage, on the dead bestow'd,
Yet, who, for his peculiar lot,
Can answer, when ordain'd to rot?
Who knows a decent shroud shall grace,
His stiffen'd limbs and pallid face;

Who knows that cunning workman's hand
Shall polish to his coffin lend?
  to the plate, that graver's art
  all birth, and age, and name, impart?
Or that the sculptor, on his stone,
Shall register the worth that's gone?
  Perhaps, to dark eternity,
Thy frame shall drift on ocean's sea;
Perhaps, on battle field, thy bone,
For many a year, shall bleach unknown;
Where ravens flap the sable wing—
No Bard thy requiem verse to sing;
More wond'rous yet, through fields of air,
That fiends thy feeble form may bear;
Wheel thee around earth's borders old,
Freeze thee beneath the polar cold,
Broil thee beneath the tropic sun,
Or fix thee where no night comes on;
Till, by attrition slow decay'd,
You form the "shadow of a shade."

XI.

Where is the Parson? he is gone,
And his wife rests at home alone;
Hence pass'd the Sabbath dull away,
No sermon grac'd the sacred day;
E'en should the aged deacon try
To read, alas! upon his eye
Blindness and years had thrown their shade,
The powers of vision had decay'd.

Few others of the flock were known,
In whom such seeds had science sown,
As taught them to arrest the ear
With the black letter character.
The sheriff, too, the following morn,
His loving neighbors found, had gone;
The vigorous beadle, self dismist,
By all the village soon was miss'd;
From such defection, to their foes
Unguarded left, confusion rose;
Along the streets, sagacious swine
Where seen in social band to join;
Strange geese upon the common stray'd,
The village bull rear'd high his head;
Even the old bell-weather, trac'd,
Unharm'd, his steps along the waste;
And, though the fact I somewhat doubt,
'Tis said that Salem's streets, throughout,
Upon that sad and fasting day,
Unwhip'd, a beggar took his way!

XII.

Vainly the wondering neighbors round
The street, with melancholy face,
Enquir'd; no cheering news was found,
And ruin hover'd o'er the place.
Had not their aged pastor been
So learn'd and excellent a man,
Conjecture might have deem'd his doom
Was transportation, on the broom

ıat witches use, when through the air
Obnoxious foes they chuse to bear:
ıt well they knew, in trying hour,
_.eat was his anti-magic power;
Full well they knew his dread command
Could drive a wizard from the land,
And force him to those caverns deep,
In death where Pharaoh's captains sleep;
Besides, the fact was ascertain'd,
That near his person, he retain'd
The scripture, written at the time
When printing was esteem'd a crime;
And though the passing age supplied
No man but whom the book defied
To read; yet, strange as well as true,
The miracles that book could do!

XIII.

Pass we such scene; the conscious muse
Well knows the track the band pursues;
They, while their weeping friends at home
Are wailing their deserted doom,
On thoughts of public weal intent,
Combin'd, their course from home have bent;
Determin'd, in their march to find
Somewhat that seem'd of wizard kind,
In order that example due
Might serve to terrify the crew,
That, by the crime of witchcraft stain'd,
In Salem's borders still remain'd.

Hence, on the holy sabbath day,
The house of God neglected lay;
Hence, in the beadle's absence, round
Forbidden lots, the swine were found;
And hence, the beggar, undismay'd,
Throughout the town, pursued his trade.

XIV.

Witalpie's ridge looms high from far,
The seat of elemental war;
There, when opposing vapors meet,
Bursts, rolling from the cloudy sheet,
Such jarring peal as cannon's roar
Ne'er sent from ocean to the shore;
Such vivid light as never yet,
From adverse ranks opposing set,
Flash'd, when along the martial line
The battle fire is seen to shine;
There the fierce lightning's rude assault
Scoops many a rude and gullied vault;
There the deep umber'd rust of age
Brown'd o'er the tempest's marks of rage;
And to the crutchborn veteran's dream,
Such rifted channel well might seem
Remains of martial old design,
The guarded pass and deep ravine.

XV.

Yet now was quiet all and still,
The morning ting'd the east in flame,
And upwards from the plain to hill
The reeking dew, slow rising, came.

Lightly along the aged trees
It curl'd away before the breeze,
Till fair below in prospect lay
Green cornfield patch and meadow gay.
Wound the dark stream its silent trace
Around Witalpie's rocky base,
Where dimly seen, the fisher's skiff
Swung lightly from the ragged cliff;
Where busy fisherman applied
lis hempen trap, across the tide,
laply to catch such scaly prey
s Taunton's sons, on market day,
ear unto other towns remote,
rack'd in the heavy laden boat; (b)
The usual noontide thirst to rouse,
Which, after yesterday's carouse,
So oft is sought by Yankee wight,
When from the toasts of yesternight,
He lingers round the tavern door,
Till frequent draughts his nerves restore.

XVI.

That scene the parson then beheld,
That scene the sheriff's eye survey'd,
The beadle too, where darkly swell'd
The harvest, gaz'd along the glade.
But harvest ripe, or cultur'd plain,
To view, is not their object now,
Nor on the herring fisher's gain
Attention can they now bestow.

Far o'er the fields that westward lie,
They stretch the keenly searching eye,
If aught suspicious may be found
To guide them in their search around.

XVII.

Far on their left a desart way,
  Unmark'd by track of human foot,
Rude, rough, and rocky, open lay,
  Inviting thitherward pursuit.
One only dwelling, distant seen,
Betray'd the residence of men,
Even at distance when beheld,
All social feelings it dispell'd;
For where the fragile glass was lost,
Old hats the casement rude emboss'd;
And in default of shingles, patch'd
With wind-dried weeds, the roof was thatch'd.

XVIII.

Slowly the band advancing drew
Onward; the scenery sadder grew;
All round was barren, lone and drear,
No cultivated spot was there;
That wild and rugged spot defac'd,
No garden ever yet had grac'd;
There never thrifty hand had sown
The herbs of healing virtue known;
No hand was ever known to rear
The soft balsamic mellows there;
Ne'er had the lavender its head
Rais'd from the soft and loamy bed;

No soothing odors to the nose
Were wafted from the garden rose;
No tulip rais'd its gorgeous leaf,
Nor summer-savory rear'd its sheaf;
There the mild mullen, left to rot,
Lay wind-dried on the very spot
Where first, in vegetable pride,
Congenial moister earth suppli'd,
And fever's foe, the catnip too,
Was left to rot where'er it grew. (c)

XIX.

Yet to their wizard-hunting luck,
One object, which their senses struck,
Arose, for on the broken stone,
Before the door at random thrown,
There sat the self same cat, that erst
With so much care, the wanderer nurst,
When, from the pious village driven,
He leagu'd himself with foes of Heaven.
One shriek, enough the heart to shrink,
She gave, and vanish'd through the chink,
Where gaping clapboards, yawning wide,
An entrance to the house supplied.

XX.

Slowly, with heart and soul appall'd,
The trembling beadle forward crawl'd;
When near the door, he heard the yell
And chorus of Satanic spell.

THE SPELL.

Rust of the gibbet, and bone of the dead,
I mingle, and into the teakettle throw,
Root of skunk-cabbage and rattlesnake's head,
And leaves pluck'd at midnight from juniper bough.
Charm break the rest
Of the parson distrest,
From his eyes let the blessing of slumber depart;
Lucifer aid me
And night overshade me,
Spirit of Beelzebub, lend me thine art.

This for the maid by her lover rejected,
This for the youth in the fortunate hour; (d)
This for the thief by the sheriff detected,
And this for the hangman his death to insure.
Fiends rot the cord
Of the hangman abhor'd,
Perish the tree that a gallows must form; (e)
Let the jaws of the stocks
Burst open their locks,
And the pillory's fragments be borne on the storm.

As the fire melts the tallow and hardens the clay,
Hard be my heart till my spell shall succeed, (f)
Wrought on the morn of the holiest day
That heaven has for mortals to worship decreed.
Once at least the church bell
Has been hush'd by my spell,

r once has the parson his sermon delay'd,
And if Lucifer heed
On this morning, my need,
Again will the sexton find work for his spade.

On the hearth spread with ashes, the mystical name
Is written, that none but a dæmon may read; (g)
ıd blue round my lamp flits the sulphurous flame,
In circles, that tell me the charm will succeed.
Let the name, if it can,
Change to that of the man
hose death-warrant now I am writing in blood;
Let the flame of the lamp
Give the magical stamp
the fiend, foe to all that is holy and good.

In the magical square, written lurid in flame,
Shines the number of days he on earth is allow'd, (h)
But, death to my hopes! there is written my shame,
Disclos'd by the ashes that fall from the wood.
I see, with alarm,
The secular arm
Employ'd by the church, and my ruin is near;
Minions of Hell!
If ye fail at my spell,
Vain is my magic, too just is my fear.

Too sure is my doom; if the church shall combine
With the law, on my destiny horrors await;
If such be the case, to the cord I resign
My neck, and give up to the orders of fate,

Yet for once will I try
Church and law to defy,
For I know I can easily draw from the nose
The life feeding flood,
The red gushing blood,
And check for a while the pursuit of my foes.

XXI.

Forward the nimble sheriff sprung,
Beneath his blows the building rung;
Though, trickling from his nostrils, fled
The life-blood's current, crimson red;
The barricadoe'd door in vain
His fierce assault strove to sustain;
Burst into flinders, from the frame,
First the unwilling pannel came;
Then reeling from its station lost,
Down tumbling rung the massy post;
Till o'er each obstacle he strain'd
With bloody nose and ancle sprain'd;
And ere the Hag had time to twist
Thrice *three times* round, he clinch'd her wrist.

END OF CANTO THIRD.

THE

SORCERESS,

OR

SALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO IV.

THE

SORCERESS,

OR

SALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO IV.

THE DEATH.

Dim o'er the common, twilight's shadows fall,
And deeper mists obscure the winding glade;
Hush'd is the hubbub of the tavern hall,
And onward evening comes with sober shade.

How often, Salem, at such soothing hour,
Have I thy streets and winding lanes forsook,
To wander round the ruins of the tower
That, clad in *ivy*, overhangs the brook.

More often have my footsteps stray'd, howe'er,
Where Gallows-Hill attracts the stranger's eye,
There oft in reverence have I trod where near
The wizard's sepulchre attracts the eye.

There the tall elm afar her branches flings,
  And there with silvery bark the birches glow,
On poplar branch the restless leaflet swings
  And drooping willows line the glade below.

Ah! let not daring wight, at midnight hour,
  So far his solitary walk extend,
For then commences the allotted power
  Of ghosts, and dæmon sprites to earth ascend.

Oft from the village as the clown returns,
  With cart unoccupied, aghast, he sees,
Where on the wizard's tomb the meteor burns,
  And views the spectres gliding through the trees.

I.

We said, the Hag in vain essay'd
Each secret of her magic trade;
That vain she tried the magic twist,
The sheriff held her by the wrist;
And soon secure, her arms around
Were cords of earthly texture bound;
Then only, leisurely they found
A chance, the room to search around;
And wild amazement seiz'd the heart
At sight of symbols of her art.

II.

Her copper kettle, burnish'd bright,
  O'er charcoal flames suspended swung;
Her lamp, although 'twas day, its light
  Flash'd forth sulphureous where it hung.

Writ o'er the smoky chimney, shone
  The figures of the magic square,
Round which, no common hand had strown
  The ornaments appropriate there.
There many a portrait met the view,
As much to art as nature true;
There, on his cheek while dimples lurk,
Through shadowing whiskers, grin'd the Turk;
There, with his arrow to the head
Full drawn, oppos'd to foeman's lead,
The native chieftain of the west,
In feather'd belt and ocher drest,
Glar'd fiercely downward, as his eye
Shone black with coal and cruelty.

III.

Needs not recount each visage there
Of feature stern and snaky hair;
Suffice to say, that over all,
With cork and lampblack, on the wall
The enemy of human race,
Glar'd black, with mischief in his face!
Forward the dæmon seem'd to lean,
Monarch and patron of the scene;
Full in his dexter hand, he bore
The fork which Neptune, long of yore,
Us'd in his journeys through the deep, (a)
His team at swiftest speed to keep;
Of later days 'tis often seen
Where o'er the dewy meadows green

The farmer with unsparing hand
Scatters the ordure round the land.
  His dexter leg the painter drew,
In human form, exact and true,
But still his left extremity
Seem'd all unfit for majesty;
For, although kept somewhat aloof,
It ended in a cloven hoof!
Where sear'd with red, the crispy horn
The fiery heat had undergone.
  Scarce can poetic art avail
To paint his most unseemly tail,
It had not that mysterious twine
That decks the sentient tails of swine,
When, with erected nose, they scent
The moistening airy element,
And sage and sure prognostic form
Indicative of coming storm;
Nor had it that sarcastic curve
Which oft in kittens we observe,
When with the "most engaging knack,"
They raise it lightly o'er the back,
And leisurely in prospect fair
Give it to undulate in air.
No—far, in many a spiral fold,
Behind, the scaly volume roll'd,
And the extremity display'd
The point of Parthian arrow's head.

IV.

Frothing awhile, o'ercome by fate,
The witch, like ancient Sybil, sate; (*b*)
Then sadly fix'd her glaring eye,
In silence stern, on vacancy;
Before her all the terrors lay
Of trial and of penal day;
Not even her gentleness of sex,
Could law's relentless hand relax;
Nor prayers, nor shrieks, nor tears, had power
To force allowance of an hour.

V.

Ah, woman! fairest gift of heaven,
To mortal man in kindness given;
'Tis not thy cheek of glowing hue,
Thy lip of rose, or neck of snow,
That lures the stripling on to dare
The penance-pain that husbands bear;
'Tis thine to watch the sick man's bed,
And raise the languid drooping head;
To smooth the quilt, and air the sheet,
And bathe, in lukewarm bath, the feet;
Each tender office to perform,
Sage-tea, and water-gruel warm;
To watch with care the simmering can,
And wield the soothing warming-pan.
But when, neglecting deeds like these,
You tamper in inglorious ease,
Oft, as the worthy *Bunyan* said,
Satan is busy in the head, (*c*)

Which leaves unguarded entrance there,
To all that sprites and dæmons dare.
Hence ranks so high the female soul,
Upon the Devil's muster-roll;
Whenever mischief is discern'd,
Be sure that woman is concern'd;
She who in paradise, at first,
Was tempted by the fiend accurst,
Has left to all the sex her art,
And taught them to delude the heart;
Beneath the semblance of a smile
To wear the most destructive guile;
And sages say the female breast
Oft by the Devil is possest!

VI.

Oh! then, whate'er enticements fix
Your fancies on demoniac tricks,
Daughters of Eve, be still aware
Of the sly tempter's subtle snare:
Oh! let no maid, though fortune frown,
Turn the new slipper upside down,
Nor point her candle to the west;
Nor, seeking at the night, her rest,
Presume, in hopes of future thrift,
To turn, the wrong-side-out, her shift.
But chiefly, when that trying time
Arrives, when, having past your prime,
Your thoughts from Adam's sons are turn'd,
And every earthly good is spurn'd;

Beware, lest in your careless lap
The household cat should take a nap,
And you uncautiously should try
The rudiments of sorcery.

VII.

Homeward the party take their way,
Where steep Witalpie's mountains lay;
Yet not till that unhallow'd nest
Of sin, avenging flames invest;
There, as they backward turn'd the view,
Aloft the burning column flew,
Till slowly to the earth decay'd,
A gloomy pile the ruins made,
Where darkly curl'd the smoke around,
In lurid shadows, from the ground.
So when the righteous hand of heaven
Had *Sodom* to destruction given,
The holy *Lot* look'd back, and saw
The terrors of Almighty law.

VIII.

Not with such thoughts the Hag beheld
Where dim the smoky ruin swell'd;
But from her lips, while flash'd in flame
Her eye, repeated curses came,
Untill her toothless jaws betwixt
That wooden instrument was fixt,
Which, in the teacher's torturing hour,
Forbids the struggling schoolboy's roar.

IX.

If e'er thy curious eyes have seen,
  Upon militia muster-day,
In order, on the level green,
  The village troop in fair array;
When satiate with the fair survey,
Thine eyes have turn'd where round thee lay
Those vehicles, which brought from far
Refreshments to the mimic war,
Thy recollection will recall
The group that grac'd those carts withal;
The chimney sweep, with smutty face,
The centre of the schoolboy race;
The village maid, whose honest pride
Her beauties never strove to hide,
And she whose arm one child confin'd,
Meantime another roar'd behind.
  Such motley mob together drew
In Salem's street, the witch to view;
There, with the ladle in her hand,
The brawling housewife join'd the band;
His stall the cobler then forsook,
The shouting schoolboy left his book,
Soon missive arms began to fly,
From all the light arm'd infantry;
Till shoes, and hats, and stones, betray'd,
Whizzing in air, an awful shade;
Nor stopt the hubbub of the crew
Till night her sable shadows drew.

X.

Morning came on; the rippling stream
Trembled beneath the rising beam;
Unconsciously it roll'd its way,
Nor knew the terrors of the day;
Still, as when erst the bark canoe
Alone its gentle surface knew;
Still, as if never yet the oar
Of commerce dash'd along the shore;
And still, as if the "hum of men,"
Ne'er echo'd in the neighboring glen.
Yet on the streamlet not alone
That bright and early sunbeam shone;
But on the bank, where broad its ray
Beam'd in the majesty of day,
It flash'd upon unhallow'd wood,
For there the blacken'd gallows stood.
There, the preceeding evening, rung
The heavy sound of axe and hammer,
His descant there the hangman sung,
And join'd the rabble in the clamour.
Close on the left a bag was hung,
From hempen cord secure it swung;
And let not misbelieving wight
Hold of that bag opinion light;
'Twas not, by any means, such bag
As farmers' boys are doom'd to drag,
On wintry morning, to the mill,
Ere they of breakfast have their fill;
Although, in outward form, it seem
No other than might miller deem.

XI.

Forth came the hag, her arms around
The cords of justice fast were bound;
No form of courts, at such a time,
Was needed for such henious crime;
No guard, with burnish'd bayonet,
Or sabre, was around her set;
No chaplain, drest in doleful black,
Came, with the hymn-book, at her back;
Nor was the gravestone or the shroud
Permitted by the angry crowd;
Either the stream her carcase far
Must bear to ocean's dashing war,
Or, after some few hours had past,
Stretch'd on the tree, her corpse at last
Such burial only must receive,
As yields the suicide a grave.

XII.

We said, adjoining to the flood,
New rear'd, the darksome gallows stood;
We said the mystic sack was plac'd
Near to the spot the gallows grac'd;
Sudden a wild and wilder'd shout
Rose from the gazing rabble rout,
As forth was led the hamper'd hag
To prove the trial of the bag;
Soon, where its mouth the cord embrac'd,
The sheriff's dexterous hand unlac'd
The fatal string, so soon to close
The scene of Salem's dæmon woes.

Yet must I say, this imp of sin
More hands than one, to force her in,
Required; nor vainly she essay'd
Of hand and foot the vigorous aid;
Ah! many a nose, that there withstood
Her efforts, drop'd the crimson flood;
Round many an eye such circle grew
As well might mock the rain-bow's hue;
And sorely bruis'd, full many a shin
Long after rued the loss of skin.

XIII.

'Tis done; that fatal sack has clos'd,
And ne'er that fearful hag again
Shall ruin make; in lines dispos'd,
Exact, they bear her to the main.
One shriek the witch in terror gave,
As sunk the bag beneath the wave;
Three times it sunk beneath the main,
Three times it slowly rose again;
Nor did the wondrous satchel more
Descend, but drifted to the shore.

XIV.

Full proof had here the hand of heaven
To multitudes astonish'd given;
All that remain'd then, was to try
If she the gallows could defy;
Quickly her old and scraggy neck
The hempen cord is seen to deck,

And soon she swung above th
While on the spectacle arou
The mute struck rabble wo
And much their God and she

XV.

Stranger, should e'er thy foot
Where Salem lifts her turrets
Go somewhat backward of th
Where lies the common all u
There should thy curious sear
A heap of stones pil'd up, dea
There cast thyself another sto
Memorial of the day that's go
For underneath that gathere
The ruins of the *Sorceress* sle

END OF CANTO

TES.

CANTO FIRST.

Page 16.

m's village, red
a fiery beam,
disaster, shed, &c.

achusetts, a few miles from
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habitants, to this day, seem
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exemplify the above assertion
, the noted Geographer:
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ded as a public room. One of
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ors, when it was unfinished, to
a few years, to be used as a
ish it at his own expense, and

NOTES.

NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

(a) *Page* 16.

That eve, o'er Salem's village, red
The sinking sun, a fiery beam,
Portending dark disaster, shed, &c.

Salem, a town in Massachusetts, a few miles from Boston, the metropolis of the state, is the scene of the foregoing poem. The inhabitants, to this day, seem to retain somewhat of the old leaven; not being by any means remarkable for their liberal sentiments.

An instance, that will exemplify the above assertion is given us by Dr. Morse, the noted Geographer:

"In the town of Salem is a large market house, having an upper story intended as a public room. One of the managers of the Boston theatre, a few years since, applied to the proprietors, when it was unfinished, to obtain a lease of it for a few years, to be used as a theatre, offering to finish it at his own expense, and

to pay high rent for it. The proprietors met, and returned him for answer, that they would sooner set the building on fire."

Vide Morse's American Geography, Article, Massachusetts.

(*b*) *Page* 17.

In wild assemblage, on the green,
With tails erect, were dimly seen,
And rising from the troop, their yell
Hail'd some embassador from Hell.

The nightly assembling of cats, and the strange noises they make when thus gathered together, have been matters of much speculation. "*An congregantur, celebrare ritus nuptiales?*" may well be asked by those who are incredulous; for never were expressions of rapture so truly diabolical. The popular and general belief seems the most correct, viz. that they, at such times, receive orders from Beelzebub himself, whose legitimate and liege subjects they are, how to demean themselves, or else from some one of his deputies, "duly and truly commissioned."

That they understand whatever conversation is carried on between human beings, is evident from Lyttleton's story of the king of the cats, which we beg leave to adduce as proof. "A gentleman, who was unluckily benighted on a journey, rode up to an old chapel that was surprizingly illuminated, and on coming close to it, he heard the voices of a great number of cats, expressing the greatest sorrow. On looking through a window, he beheld the whiskered multitude

seated, in deep mourning, round the body of an uncommonly large *tom cat*, which lay dead on a superb cushion. Surprised at such a sight, he rode onward till he came to the house of a gentleman who lived at a little distance; entered the house, and being comfortably seated by the fire, where he occupied one chair, his host another, and a large cat the third, he related his adventure to his astonished friend No sooner had he recounted the particulars to his host, than the cat, who till then had lain quietly in the chair, raised itself up, and exclaiming "*Then I am king of the cats*," sprung through the door, and was never afterwards seen."

See Lyttleton's Letters.

(*c*) *Page* 17.

Scarce lives a single matron sage,
Bending beneath the weight of age,
But still in memory retains
Some mystic tale of clanking chains.

The deference paid to the opinions of old women, forms a striking feature in the New England character. They are the judges who give sentence on the merits of divines, lawyers and physicians; and their decision is final, particularly in medicine, an accurate knowledge of which, after they have passed a certain age, seems to be miraculously infused into them, more particularly if they come under the denomination of "*Tabbies*."

Connected with their knowledge of medicine, is that of divination, particularly as far as relates to the

characters and destinies of the young men of the village; and should any one be very depraved, or very unfortunate, they are sure to remember that they "prophesied it" long before. Nothing so certainly exasperates the good ladies, as suggesting a doubt of their wisdom, and the man who should be hardy enough to enter into a contest with any one of them, would immediately bring the whole swarm on his back; and his only alternative would be to "clear out," as the phrase is, and "set up his rest" somewhere else. They possess many of the qualities of "The very good sort of a woman," described by B. Thornton; and there is not one of them but has, at some period of her life, seen the Devil in the shape of a white horse, a green pig, or a red gander. If any person has unfortunately some constitutional failing, they take care to pity him so much that it is not only known throughout the village, but becomes the topic of conversation in the adjoining towns. Their consolation is misery, and their pity is ruin.

(*d*) *Page* 20.

To him the joys of husking brought
No freedom from distemper'd thought;
Though to his lot the redden'd ear
Oft fell, &c.

Husking is one of the few rural festivals that our old puritanic spirit has not abolished. The farmer, when his corn is ripe, collects it in a large pile, near the barn; and "word is given out." In the evening, as many of his neighbors of both sexes as are inclined,

came to the house, where they begin by a warming draught of new rum, and the husking commences. Any man who is so fortunate as to husk a red ear, has the privilege of kissing any female in the company that he pleases, and any girl who has one to her share, must be kissed, but has the privilege of naming the happy youth. After a little circulation of the bottle, some one is desired to sing. The writer regrets that he can remember only the begining of a "famous husking song," as it was called in the days of his youth.

"There was a black hen, she laid a white egg
Under the mulberry root;
She rumpled her feathers to keep her eggs warm,
And a little more toddy will do us no harm,
Under the mulberry root."

(e) *Page* 28.

And many a sage conjecture shows
The spot where savage chiefs repose.

To those who are fond of searching into the "olden time," the barrows, or mounds of earth, found so frequently in the western country, afford matter of much interesting speculation. When it is considered how tenacious the Indians are of their ancient usages, with what correctness they deliver down, from age to age, any simple fact, and how obstinately they adhere to the customs of their fathers, it seems surprizing that they can give us no definite information on this subject. This is one strong proof that these mounds must be of great antiquity. Another is derived from examining

the spots, where it is evident that successive growths of the most durable kinds of timber, have decayed. This is evidenced from the upper stratum of earth being formed from vegetable putrefaction, making exactly that kind of soil found in old forests. That they are artificial, cannot be doubted, for at a considerable depth on digging into them, is found a substance which is evidently the crumbled remains of bones or shells, as it has all the properties of phosphate of lime. The most probable conjecture is, that they were raised in places where great battles had been fought, and intended as a tomb for the slain, as well as to perpetuate the memory of victory; and were raised by the survivors, before they left the spot. This, however, is only the conjecture of the whites; for all tradition among the Indians has passed away. A gentleman, on a tour to the western country, informed the author, that while at a remote settlement in the state of New-York, in the neighborhood of one of these barrows, he was informed, that a few days prior to his arrival, a young man had dug up a piece of silver from it, in the shape of a heart, which was very much corroded, but sufficiently sound to identify the metal of which it was made.

He did not see the man, or the curiosity in question, but heard the fact repeatedly attested by several "reputable people who were personally knowing to the circumstance."

(*f*) *Page* 30.

And though, upon this nether world,
No hand of man his locks had curl'd,
They had the real serpent twine
That deck'd Medusa's head divine.

Medusa, a female who, instead of hair, had her ad covered with serpents, and every unlucky wretch o beheld her, was immediately turned into a stone.

NOTES

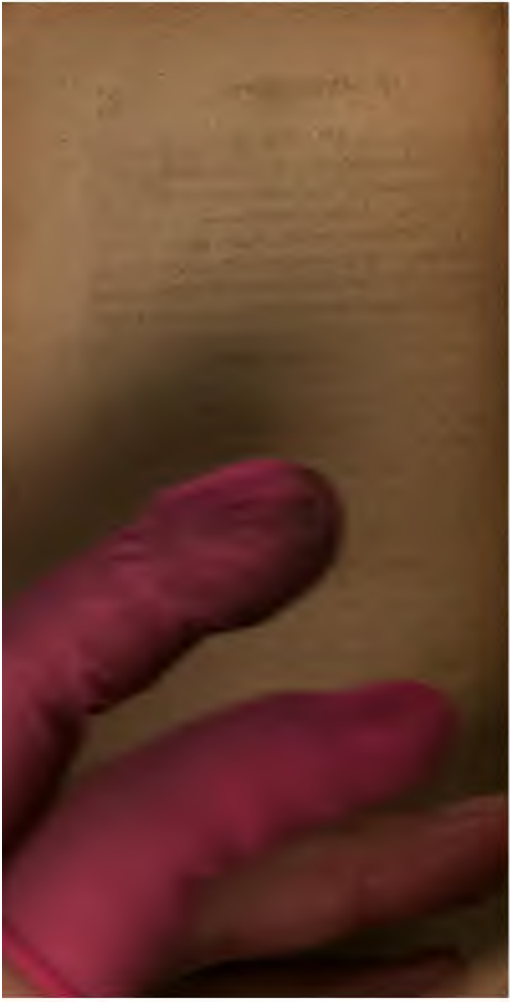
TO

CANTO SECOND.

NOTES

TO

CANTO SECOND.



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NOTES.

NOTES TO CANTO SECOND.

(a) *Page* 38.

Or, day by day, to dig the hole
Which, when at last the sentient soul
Is freed from flesh, must then receive
The body that was ceas'd to live.

On the initiation of a monk into the order of La Trappe, (properly so called) a part of his future duty is to abstain entirely from the use of flesh; on meeting any of his brethren, he was to have no conversation with them, except when all were assembled together; and then, only on the most urgent occasions. By way of amusement, every brother of the Monastery was allowed to remove a certain portion of earth from the space allotted him as a grave; to take measure for, and make his own shroud, coffin, &c.

(b) *Page* 41.

Time had not bless'd these worthy men,
As yet, with Espinasse's pen;
Nor did the bulk of Swift's Digest
Their afternoon's repose molest.

Writers on law; see the "Reports" of the one, and the "System" of the other, those who may feel inclined.

(c) *Page* 41.

Although, perhaps, the sacred page,
Even in that pure and polish'd age,
Their legal rules as well supplied
As foster'd their religious pride.

Among the early settlers of the United States, (then colonists from Great Britain) as frequent crimes and misdemeanors arose, against which they had no express laws made and provided, it was, with one accord, agreed among them, that in such cases an appeal should be made to the Scriptures, and the culprit should be punished accordingly. Hence originated the custom of punishing a criminal with "forty stripes save one, &c." If our pious ancestors, as they have been called, made as bungling work with the Bible in a political view, as they did in a polemical, we need not be surprized that they whipped their cattle for cohabiting on the Sabbath; their wives for manifesting an inclination to be kissed on Saturday night; and bored the quakers through the tongue

with a red hot iron, for smuggling shoebuckles and tobacco into any town without the license of the magistrate and physician.

(*d*) *Page 42.*

Had some familiar spirit seen
Beneath the midnight's sable screen;
Whose darksome agency combin'd
With nature to distract his mind.

The situation of the unfortunate wanderer in this case, is not without precedent. The sage Socrates speaks of his being attended with a familiar, "who prompted him to virtuous deeds, and checked him when about to commit bad ones." Although the philosopher is obscure, we have reason to believe that by his familiar he meant conscience, and an innate knowledge of right and wrong. We have, also, in profane history, something similar, in the cases of Brutus and Dion; but the most interesting case recorded in modern history, is that of Lord Lyttleton.

We have also another very remarkable instance in the celebrated author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," (Burton) who foretold his own death, which happened according to his prediction. His epitaph, written by himself, in consequence of his prediction, we will beg leave to transcribe.

"*Paucis notus paucioribus ignotus*
"*Hic jacet Democritus junior,*
"*Cui vitam, Dedit et mortem.*
"*Melancholia.*"

We shall also trespass on our reader's patie
recalling to his recollection the example of Tas
tracted from Hoole's account of his life :

"At Bisaccio, Manso had an opportunit
amine the effects of Tasso's melancholy, and
disputed with him, concerning a familiar spirit w
he (Tasso) pretended to converse with. Manso
deavored in vain to persuade his friend that the w
was an illusion of a disturbed imagination; but
latter was strenuous in maintaining the realit
what he asserted, and to convince Manso, desired
to be present at one of these mysterious conversa
Manso had the complaisance to meet him the next
and while they were engaged in discourse, on a
den he observed Tasso keep his eyes fixed on a
dow, and remain in a manner immovable. He called
him by his name several times, but received no an-
swer. At last Tasso cried out, "there is the friendly
spirit who is come to converse with me; look, and
you will be convinced of the truth of all I have said.
Manso heard him with surprise; he looked, but saw
nothing but the sunbeams darting through the win-
dow; he cast his eyes all over the room, but could
perceive nothing, and was just going to ask where the
pretended spirit was, when he heard Tasso speak with
great earnestness; sometimes putting questions to the
spirit, and sometimes giving answers; delivering the
whole in such a pleasing manner, and with such ele-
vated expressions, that he listened with admiration,
and had not the least inclination to interrupt him. At

last this uncommon conversation ended with the departure of the spirit, as appeared by Tasso's words, who turning towards Manso, asked him if his doubts were now removed. Manso was more amazed than ever; he scarce knew what to think of his friend's situation, and waved any further conversation on the subject.

(e) *Page* 42.

Even from holy writ, 'twas known
God had his punishments bestown
On all those ancient sinners sly
Who dar'd to deal in sorcery.

See the example of Jezabel; Simon the Sorcerer, &c. &c.

(f) *Page* 43.

Full often had he seen him dip
In lukewarm stream the twisted whip,
Before his sinewy arm appli'd
The knotted cord to culprit's hide.

"The custom of dipping the cowhide (the usual instrument employed on such occasions) into warm water, is by no means uncommon in New-England."
See Warton's Letters on Ancient Customs.

(g) *Page* 44.

One who, in lightsome track, can ride
On broomstick, through the airy tide.

The broomstick, for a great length of time, seems to have been the favorite vehicle, which *witches*, and *fairies*, and *kelpies*, and *brownies*, &c. have chosen to transport themselves through the air withal. For what reason this implement of household use is preferred to any other kitchen utensil, we are utterly unable to conjecture; and know of no earthly cause, why it should be preferred to the pudding stick or the ladle. An ingenious correspondent (to use the words of the reviewers) has offered the following reasons, which although not entirely satisfactory, have at least an appearance of plausibility. He says "that those who deal in communications with spirits of the infernal world, being usually of the femenine gender, are more in the habit of using this implement than males; and it being well known, that in the operation of sweeping, pins of all sizes, dimensions, and shapes, are usually found, from the brightest one, fresh from Birmingham, to the rusty, headless, crooked, defaced, and decomposed piece of wire that has been thrown from the beggar's sleeve; that those who are most in the habit of using the broom, must necessarily be most in the habit of finding pins.

"Now the pin, after certain service and undergoing divers curvatures, being one of the most usual instruments of witchcraft, and in this manner placed in the way of unfortunate women, doubtless by the spirits

the air, we are naturally led to conclude, that influenced by the feelings inspired by retaining said pins, the possessors, from motives of curiosity, have been led to make trial of their efficacy, and the broomstick being in hand, is as naturally made use of for the aerial vehicle."

See the Dissertation on Pins,
by Johannes Sculletus.

(*h*) *Page* 45.

Can easily explain each sign,
And solve the mystic number nine.

On the subject of *signs*, we are unluckily unable to give our readers much information. We shall content ourselves with quoting the most important, from a paper in the "Connoisseur," the writer of which, being on a visit to a friend in the country, remarks in his letter, "But above all, I could not help noticing the various prognostics which the old lady and her daughters used to collect from almost every part of the body. A white speck upon the finger nails, made them as sure of a gift as if they had it already in possession. The eldest sister is to have one more husband than the younger, because she has one more wrinkle in her forehead; but the younger will have the advantage of her in the number of children, as was plainly proved by snapping their finger joints. It would take up too much time to set down every circumstance of this sort, which I observed during my stay with them. I shall, therefore, conclude with the several marks on other

[illegible] the body, as far as I could learn them, from the superstitious [illegible] as I was a relative, they had [illegible]. If the head itches, it is a sign of [illegible]. If the head aches, it is a profitable pain. If you have [illegible], you don't love true. If your eye [illegible] itches, you will see a stranger. If your right eye itches, you will cry. If your left, you will laugh; but left or right, it goes to right. If your nose itches, you will [illegible] with, or have a fool; drink a glass of wine; [illegible] children's doses; or [illegible] them all [illegible]. If your [illegible] itches, you will change your bedfellow. If your [illegible] itches, you will not parching. If your [illegible] itches, [illegible] will be cheap when grass grows [illegible]. If your [illegible] itches, somebody is wishing for you. If your [illegible] itches, you will tread on strange [illegible]. If your [illegible] itches, you will go to [illegible]. And lastly, if you shiver, somebody is walking over your grave."

Page 20.

[illegible] the curious [illegible] the curve,

[illegible] Thomas's [illegible] no more.

[illegible] of the town of Stroud, near [illegible] the name the town of Thomas A-[illegible] Stroud, but when, in contempt [illegible] passage, they wantonly cut off the tail [illegible] through their street, we have [illegible] child, thus [illegible], born [illegible] Stroud, came into the world with [illegible] of an inconvenient and inconvenient tail,

Fide Cantelandi Jura Ecclesiae.

(1) Page 48

As after many a frequent bark,
The wind was lully gone to earth,
For every day throughout the year,
A lofty shed of pomp for

(IRD.

rum,

Laplanders, is
Sheffer, in his
following ac-

pine, or fir,
at side, where
is of an oval
dressed, and
uch as stars,
d even lakes
ays, since the
the acts and
ies, are often

parts of the body, as far as I could learn them, from this prophetic family; for as I was a relative, they had less reserve. If the head itches, it is a sign of rain. If the head aches, it is a profitable pain. If you have the toothach, you don't love true. If your eye brow itches, you will see a stranger. If your right eye itches, you will cry. If your left, you will laugh; but left or right, is good at night. If your nose itches, you will shake hands with, or kiss a fool; drink a glass of wine; run against a cuckold's door; or miss them all four. If your elbow itches, you will change your bedfellow. If your stomach itches, you will eat pudding. If your back itches, butter will be cheap when grass grows there. If your side itches, somebody is wishing for you. If your foot itches, you will tread on strange ground. If your gartering place itches, you will go to a different place. And lastly, if you shiver, somebody is walking over your grave."

(i) *Page* 49.

As after certain years the curse,
Of Becket, left Stroud's town no worse.

"Whether the natives of the town of Stroud, near Rochester, are to this day under the ban of Thomas A. Becket, we are not informed, but when, in contempt of that holy personage, they wantonly cut off the tail of his mule, as he rode through their street, we have it from authority, that every child, thenceforward, born to an inhabitant of Stroud, came into the world with the appendage of an enormous and incommodious tail,

exactly corresponding in size, colour and shape, with that which had been amputated from the Archbishop's mule.

Vide Cumberland's John De Lancaster.

(*k*) *Page* 49.

As after many a frequent birth,
The wond'rous lady gave to earth,
For every day throughout the year,
A lusty child of promise fair.

The prolific lady here alluded to, was the Countess of Henneberg, daughter of Count Floris, Earl of Fresland, son of William of Holland, first of that name. Floris was treacherously slain by the old earl of Clermont, at a public triumph, and left behind him this daughter Margaret, who married count Herman of Henneberg. She, despising the petition of a poor woman, who, with twins at her breast, asked her charity, gave her very reproachful words withal, upbraiding her with a want of chastity. Whereupon the woman, falling on her knees, appealed to heaven, in vindication of her innocence; and earnestly prayed, that as she had brought forth those two infants lawfully by her husband, even so, if ever that lady should become pregnant, she might be visited with as many children at a birth as there were days in the year. Not long after, the lady became pregnant, and went into Holland to visit the earl her brother, taking up her abode in the abbey of religious women at Leyden, where, on the Friday before Palm Sunday, in the year 1276, she

was delivered of *three hundred and sixty-five* children, the one half being sons, and the other daughters. The odd one being double sexed. They were all baptised by Guydon, Suffragan to the bishop of Utrecht, who named all the sons John, and the daughters Elizabeth. What name he gave the odd one, is not recorded, perhaps, John-Elizabeth. They were, however, no sooner baptised than they all died, and their mother likewise. Their baptismal basins are still preserved in the church at Leyden, together with the inscription on the Countess's tomb, in Latin and Dutch, the former beginning thus: *Margaretta Comitis Hennebergiae uxor, et Florentii Hollandiae Zelandiae Filia, &c.&c.*

Underneath is the following distich:

" En tibi monstrosum et memorabile factum
" Quale nec a mundi conditione datum.

END OF NOTES TO CANTO SECOND.

NOTES

TO

CANTO THIRD.

NOTES.

NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

(a) *Page 58.*

——— As if the fiends had come,
Prepar'd with Lapland wizard's drum,
To beat such awful note, as ne'er
Fell harmless on a christian ear.

The famous *Magical Drum* of the Laplanders, is still in constant use in that nation; and Sheffer, in his "History of Lapland," has given us the following account of its structure.

"This instrument is made of beech, pine, or fir, split in the middle, and hollowed on the flat side, where the drum is to be made. The hollow is of an oval figure, and is covered with a skin, clean dressed, and painted with figures of various kinds, such as stars, suns, and moons, animals and plants, and even lakes and rivers, mountains, &c. and of later days, since the preaching of christianity among them, the acts and sufferings of our Saviour, and his apostles, are often

added to the rest. All these figures are separated by lines into three regions or clusters. There is, besides these parts of the drum, an index and a hammer. The index is a bundle of brass or iron rings, from the largest of which all the rest are suspended. The hammer, or drumstick, is made of the horn of a rein-deer, and with this they beat the drum so as to make the rings move, which are laid on the top for that purpose. In the motion of these rings about the pictures figured on the drum, they fancy to themselves some prediction, in regard to the things they wish to enquire about.

"What they principally enquire into by means of this instrument, are three things, viz: 1st. What sacrifices will prove most acceptable to their gods. 2d. What success they shall have in their several occupations, as hunting, fishing, &c. 3d. What is doing in places remote from them. On these occasions they have several peculiar ceremonies, and place themselves in various odd postures, as they beat the drum, which influences the rings to the one or the other side, and to come nearer the one or the other set of figures. After doing this, they have a way of calculating a discovery, which they keep as a great secret, and in which consists the skill of the magician."

(*b*) *Page* 65.

Haply to catch such scaly prey
As Taunton's sons, on market day,
Bear unto other towns remote,
Pack'd in the heavy laden boat.

Taunton, a town of Massachusetts, the staple commodity of which is smoked herring, and with which, in the proper season, the inhabitants of said town, deluge the country around. These herrings are, in the opinion of those who deal in the article in question, so much superior to all other kinds, that they have dignified them by the name of "Taunton Turkies," thereby challenging the stupid qualities of that christmas fowl; in the same manner as the inhabitants of Albany bid defiance to the ribs of the ox, by entitling their sturgeon "Albany Beef."

Those people, however, who have smelt the boats of the Taunton traders, will still prefer the *true turky* at dinner, to the Taunton substitute, as much as a man who has ground the cartilaginous substance of the sturgeon between his wearied jaws, will prefer the solid juices of the sirloin to the ligamentous whitleather; fish, that in respect to tenderness and delicacy, bears no more proportion to a steak, than the flesh of a jerked porpoise does to an egg.

(c) *Page* 67.

And fever's foe, the catnip too,
Was left to rot where'er it grew.

The catnip, commonly so called, as well as the plants before mentioned, holds an important place in the "*pharmacopeia non scripta*," or traditionary medical botany, of the "wise women" of New-England. Scarcely can you enter a house, but you will immediately perceive the savor of catnip, pennyroyal, mallows, Indian posey, and the like, which form such "a compound of villainous smells," that the nose of even a hospital practitioner would be affected. Should you ascend to the garret, you immediately perceive the source of these exhalations, for there the herbs in question are hung round in festoons, and the floor is covered with the same healing materials.

(d) *Page* 68.

This for the maid by her lover rejected,
This for the youth in the fortunate hour.

The composition of the ancient *philtres*, or love potions, has been a subject of much curiosity. The blood of pigeons was a principal ingredient in most of them; but generally there was the most nauseous and disgusting substances that imagination can conceive.

(e) *Page* 68.

Perish the tree that a gallows must form.

The antipathy here expressed by the witch against the tree that was fated to furnish timber for a gallows,

it very natural; as prior to the invention of the rack, hanging was the punishment allotted to people of her occupation, when detected.

(*f*) *Page* 68.

As the fire melts the tallow and hardens the clay,
Hard be my heart till my spell shall succeed.

This is part of an old incantation from Horace, "*ut hic limus deareseit,*" *&c.* A piece of wax, and a piece of moistened clay, were laid before the fire, and as the wax melted, the unfortunate maid who was the subject of the experiment, perceived her heart melt away in an equal degree towards her lover. The hardening of the clay, gave resolution to the operator.

(*g*) *Page.* 69.

On the hearth spread with ashes, the mystical name
I's written, &c.

The writer was informed by an old woman, who possessed the reputation of being an eminent "fortune-teller," that her mode of obtaining foreknowledge, was by writing at midnight in the ashes, a certain word, which by morning was erased, and in its stead were certain characters that furnished her with the information she wished.

(*h*) *Page* 69.

In the magical square, written lurid in flame,
Shines the number of days he on earth is allow'd.

The magical square is a square figure formed of a series of numbers in mathematical progression, and so disposed in parellel and equal ranks, as that the sums

of such row, taken either horizontally, perpendicularly, or diagonally, are equal.

EXAMPLE.

16	14	8	2	25
3	22	20	11	9
15	6	4	23	17
24	18	12	10	1
7	5	21	19	13

We imagine the names of magic squares were given them in certain ignorant ages, when mathematics passed for magic: for according to the philosophy of those days, great virtues were attributed to combinations of numbers. Moscophulus, a Greek author of no great antiquity, is the first who appears to have spoken of the magic square, and there is good reason to suppose that he did not regard them merely as a mathematician. He has left us some rules for their construction. In the treatise of Cornelius Agrippa, who has been so much accused of magic, we find the squares of seven numbers, viz. from three to nine inclusive, disposed magically, and it must not be supposed, that those numbers were chosen without some especial reason. In effect, it is because their squares,

according to the system of Agrippa and his followers, are planetary. The square of three, for instance, belongs to Saturn; that of four to Jupiter; that of five to Mars; that of six to the Sun; that of seven to Venus; that of eight to Mercury, and that of nine to the Moon. M. Bachet applied himself to the study of magic squares, from the hint he had taken from the planetary squares of Agrippa, and, without any assistance, found out a new method for those squares whose root is uneven, for instance, 25, 49, &c. but could not make any thing out of those whose roots are even.

END OF NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

NOTES

TO

CANTO FOURTH.

NOTES.

NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH.

(a) *Page 75.*

The fork which Neptune, long of yore,
Used in his journeys through the deep.

The Trident. This three-pronged instrument seems to have undergone a complete degradation. In ancient times it was the sceptre of a god of the first order. After the introduction of christianity, it was transfered to the Devil; and in days still more modern, and even at present, the common dung-fork, is made after the pattern of Neptune's ancient sceptre.

(b) *Page 77.*

Frothing awhile, o'ercome by fate,
The witch, like ancient Sybil, sat.

The *Cumean Sybil* was the Priestess of Appollo. The temple of Apollo at Cumæ was an excavation in a large rock. The rock was probably of the same kind as that on which the temple of Delphi was built, full of fissures, out of which issued perpetually a